

THE CHICAGO MISSION.

G. W. RENCH.

Ever since the mission at Chicago was started I have had a greater desire than ever to go to that wonderful city. So on last week I had the privilege of spending a day and night with Brother McFaden. I found him and his consecrated assistants busily at work in the cause of the Master. The first thing I want to say is that God is blessing their efforts. I attended their prayer-meeting. It was one of those meetings that I enjoy. I have attended a good many of such meetings in which the manifestations seemed to be entirely upon the surface; but in this meeting there seemed to be an under current which took hold of the hearts of the people and they talked and sang and prayed because they *wanted* to. Such a meeting always tells. At the close, when the invitation was extended, three arose for membership.

I went with Brother McFaden into a few of the homes where, was it not for the hope of another and better home, life would be a burden. I would like to tell of the pitiful condition of some of these good people—some of them mothers who, lone-handed, are taxing every particle of their energy to devise means for procuring food and fuel. I thought to myself that if some of our good brethren in Indiana who could sit down by a good warm fire and with a wood house full of wood, and with cellars and granaries full of provisions, could be in some of those homes and see the tears of despair roll down the cheeks of honest women who want to keep themselves and loved ones from starvation, surely, they would not complain if asked to help these poor people. I need not tell you that the saloons will feed these people if they will sell themselves, soul and body to them. This you perhaps know. Is it any wonder that thousands of women and girls resort to the saloon, and are ruined?

Now, there are some of these people in Brother McFaden's field of work. He receives mail almost every day asking him to go and see persons of this character. Very many of these people are needy because the husband has been thrown out of work or some other temporary cause. What can he do when he goes? "Pray with them," says one. Yes, but that will not relieve hunger. They must have something to eat whether they can get work or not; and many succeed in obtaining work in a short time. Let me tell you what ought to be done. There ought to be an organized effort on the part of several congregations which are located on a direct railroad line to Chicago whereby a

box of provisions could be sent to the mission regularly every week. Eight congregations entering into an agreement of this kind would enable the mission to receive a box every week, yet each church would need send but one box every other month. How glad we ought to be to have the opportunity of doing that much! Come, friends, how many will help? Milford will be number one. Who will be number two? Number three? Write me a postal card if your congregation will accept the opportunity, and I will notify you when to send the box. Flour, corn-meal, potatoes, lard, and meats would do them the most good. You will help dry many a tear, gladden many a poor mother's heart, cheer Brother McFaden by giving him means with which to work, and make converts to the Brethren faith, if you will respond. Will you?

I owe it to Brother McFaden to say that he has not asked me to make this appeal. But I know how it will be appreciated not only by Brother McFaden, but by those to whom he may carry it. A little sack of corn meal will gladden many a heart and will enable them to stop their tears long enough to read some of our tracts.

The good Book says in I John 3: 17, "But whoso hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?"

And then the 18th verse: "My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth."

Now, let us make it possible for Brother McFaden and his helpers to convince the people that we obey the whole truth.

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HALF HEARTS AND WHOLE HEARTS.

All physicians know that in the human frame the heart is the most delicate and vital of all the organs. Disease at that point is always dangerous. What is true of the physical heart is equally true as to that seat of the understanding, the will and the affections, which both the Bible and moral philosophy style the "heart." This is the workshop of our daily conduct; the best and the worst fabrics come out of it. Our neighbors see the dial-plate of conduct, but God sees the main spring within. As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life," is one of the weightiest of counsels. "Create in me a clean heart" is one of the wisest and most deep-reaching of prayers. A broken heart is a great blessing, when it is broken by contrition for sin; but a *divided heart* is often a fatal disease.

One secret of success in life is concen-

tration; and many of our young men find it too late. The founder of the Vanderbilt family bent his whole powers upon money-making, and left the richest family on the continent. Sir Isaac Newton's famous explanation of his splendid success was "I intend my whole mind upon it." Prof. Joseph Henry, of Washington, our great Christian scientist, used to say to me; "I have no faith in universal geniuses; my rule is to train all my guns on one point until I make a breach." In these days of hot competition there is no room on the street for any man who puts only a fraction of himself into his business. From my very soul I pity a half-hearted minister, who is eternally balancing between orthodox Bible-truth and the latest theological novelty, or who expends so much of himself on literature or other side-matters that when the Sabbath sermon comes, he is a squeezed orange. Paul was a man of one idea: "For me to live is Christ."

It takes a great many half-Christians to make a single whole one. Many churches exert no purifying or converting power in the community, simply because the few who are intensely earnest for Christ and for the salvation of souls are neutralizing by the daily influence of their fellow-members, whose constant pull is toward formality, fashion, and worldliness. A converted church only can convert the community. As this disease of a *divided heart* is so fatal to spiritual health and life, let us note a few of its symptoms. In too many cases it began with a half-way conversion, a shallow repentance, a few good emotions and intentions, with no radical regeneration of the soul down to the very bottom. The person hastily joined the church, but had not thoroughly *joined himself to Christ Jesus*. His reliance was not on "Jesus only;" it was partly on himself, and partly on his surroundings. From that bad start onward, his aim has been to keep in with God and to keep in with Mammon. On the communion Sabbath his seat is with Christ's disciples; but out in the world he walks with the worldlings. "I am glad that you have your church-members sit together by themselves on sacrament days," said a shrewd man to a minister, "because I then find out that some people belong to the church *that I never suspected*." The roots of such professors may be on the church-side of the wall, but their boughs hang over, and drop all the fruit on the side of worldly conformity. From this class of church-members come abundant criticisms of their minister and his methods, but very scanty contributions of money or effort for Christ's kingdom; and when there is an attempt to set in motion